

THE LUST OF GOLD.

Strange land is ours, we all, both young and old,
 Bow down in worship of our idol, gold.
 We rate our neighbors by the rule of three,
 To thousands nod, to millions bend the knee;
 For gold we sell our places of renown,
 Praise a rich boor and delfy a clown;
 To gold though brought by an embroiled hand,
 In reverent attitude we love to stand;
 For gold our matrons weave enchanting wiles;
 For gold our maidens save their sweetest smiles;
 For gold our men their honor will degrade,
 Their manhood sell, their promises evade.
 We never ask how Smith his fortune wrought,
 We only ask how big a stake he brought.
 Our study is not how in honor true
 We may increase the wealth that is our due,
 But how our ducats we may heap and store
 And still escape the penitentiary door.
 'Tis only when some careless thief is caught
 That our shocked souls are sadly overwrought,
 And we indignant shout in wild acclaim
 Against the awful sin of it, the sin and shame.

THAT COWARDLY LETTER.

That man who sent the threatening letter to the Stewart attorneys was either a cowardly bluffer or a would-be-murderer. In either case he revealed the fact that he is not fit to call himself a citizen of the United States or of any other civilized country, for he has not yet obtained the knowledge that civilized society rests on obedience to the laws. Again he showed that if in earnest, he is a worse criminal than Mortensen, even assuming him guilty of the murder of Hay, for he deliberately threatens the murder of innocent women and children.

Again he makes clear that he knows nothing of the duties which an attorney owes to a client, the

duties prescribed by the consensus of the best minds among lawyers and judges after centuries of thought has been devoted to the subject. Again, he claims to be a tax payer. We do not believe that he ever honestly paid even a poll-tax. He should, if possible, be searched out and apprehended.

His rightful place is behind the bars of a prison. The truth is there are a great many men yet in Utah who have no conception of the sovereignty that should attach to the laws of the country. Their minds have been trained to deride the laws of the Republic when they pleased to, and to believe that a higher law than any of the State should govern. It would be an admirable object lesson to every one of these could this bluffer be landed for a good healthy time behind the bars. Our belief is that the writer of the letter is but a cowardly, vicious sneak, because when a man is deliberating the crime of murder he does not advertise the fact. All the same this miscreant ought if possible to be apprehended and caged.

He is not fit to live among civilized men and women, for his letter shows that his lawless soul has never yet obtained the first glimpse of the duties which a citizen owes to his country.

If A. W. McCune was defeated for the United States Senate because he owned one alleged newspaper, and if Tom Kearns owns or controls all the leading papers of the State, what is your guess?

IN THE FAR OFF ISLAND.

The Philippines, save such islands as are peopled by the murderous Moros have passed under Civil rule; pardon has been extended to political offenders, more school-houses are being built; the revolution of good roads ought to begin soon; the clouds one by one are breaking and redemption

and disenthralment are making way. That is not a bad showing. If life can be made safe, if the Filipino can receive the full value of his labor and the products of his labor; if he can be permitted to grasp at all the possibilities of his country, unfettered by unreasonable restraints and saved from robbery by brigands and officials, even in his darkened mind the fact should dawn that it was a merciful interposition that dissolved the Spanish misrule in the Philippines and brought those islands under the flag of the Great Republic.

It was a belief of the ancient Romans that "The Great Twin Brethern" were guardian angels of Rome.

Back comes the chief in triumph,
 Who in the hour of fight,
 Has seen the great Twin Brethern
 In harness on his right
 Safe comes the ship to haven
 Through billows and through gales
 If once the Great Twin Brethern
 Sit shining on the sails.

The spirit of Liberty is what the Great Twin Brethern were of old. It was what lightened the sails of the Dewey fleet and guided it into Manila Bay. It sighted the guns on that Sabbath morning, as those great guns sounded the death knell of Spain's cruel rule in those islands. The purpose, the execution of which was begun that day will not be relinquished; the islands will be fully consecrated to freedom; enlightenment will extend there; the genius of free institutions will more and more impress itself there and the light will extend to that Asian coast which has been merciless to its people from the first, and the Old Flag will take on new splendors year by year.

If a man gets a glass of beer from a saloon on Sunday he is a law-breaker and miscreant; if he gets a high-ball at a drug store he is a gentleman who was ill, but has had his medicine and is better.

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